THE KING'S STATUE.

Trembling they told the King the startling news:
"The men of Koniggratz your rule deny:
To your command obedience refuse.
Your messengers they threaten and defy."

Bohemia's haughty monarch choked with ire,
Cried he: "I'll teach these knaves to disobey!
Summon my army! Scourge the town with fire!
Seize on their leaders! Death to them! Away!"
As he commanded, so 'twas done. That town,
To the last dregs, the cup of sorrow quaffed.
Those who had dared rebel were trampled down,
And, in his triumph, the fierce monarch laughed.

Then, that the conquered never should forget
Their King; that he might flaunt before their eyes
A vain reminder of his power, he set
A leaden statue of himself, in size
Gigantic, in the centre of the town,
And day by day the people saw it there
Towering above them, with a sullen frown,
And a drawn sword that seemed to say, "Beware!"

And so the years rolled on. The monarch's yoke
Daily more galling grew, until, at last,
Once more the people their harsh fetters broke,
And in the ring of war the gauntlet cast.
"This time," the monarch cried, "myself shall lead
A band to hunt these jackals to their den!
And may I never have a friend in need,
If I leave one of them to snap again!"

He found the rebel throng not unprepared;
They manned the strong wall eager for the fray.
Thrice in assault his forces hardly fared;
Spite his best efforts, he was held at bay.

When bullets in the town grew scarce, their plate
The people gave as freely as 'twere dross;
So that it told the monarch of their hate,
They gave it gladly, careless of the loss.
At last e'en that supply was gone, and then,
Soon as their galling fire was forced to halt,
They saw the tyrant once more mass his men,
Ready to lead, himself, the grand assault.
Within the walls reigned terror and dismay.
But hark! What words above the tumult ring?
"We yet may keep the enemy at bay!
Here's lead! Behold! the statue of the King!

A joyous shout! And quick the image falls!
A thousand eager hands the work perform!
And as the foe comes on, a shower of balls
Beats on his ranks, which melt beneath the storm.
The columns stagger 'neath the leaden rain;
They halt and waver, then, all shattered, flee,
Leaving their monarch lying midst the slain.
Won is the battle! Koniggratz is free!

BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

PETERSBURG, JULY 30, 1864.

Thomas H. Cross, late of Co. A, Sixteenth Va. Inf., in Philadelphia Times.

The morning of July 30, 1864, was bright, but the air was filled with an intense heat that brought little refreshment to the soldiers of the opposing armies which occupied the lines around Petersburg. Few save the generals of the Federal army knew, and certainly few save the generals of the confederate army suspected that beneath one of the confederate batteries which formed a re-entrant in the confederate lines lay the dormant power of many tons of powder which would soon rend the earth and air and bring death to many a sleeping soldier. At the point selected for the explosion the lines were so near to each other that during the night a desultory fire was kept up on each side to prevent a surprise from the opposite party, and the confederate line just here formed an angle which was covered by a fort. To blow up this fort and thus cause a breach in the lines seemed a comparatively feasible plan of gaining the crest of the hills in rear of the confederate line, and distant from the Federal lines about five hundred and fifty yards. In executing any movement in which co-operation of many persons is essential, there is, of course, unavoidable delay, and the explosion of this mine was no exception to the general rule. So, what by pre-arrangement should have occurred at half-past 4, took place just twelve minutes after, when the defective fuse, having been repaired or replaced, brought the spark to the powder, and the event for which thousands of eyes and ears were watching and waiting, proclaimed itself to the world as an accomplished fact, amid fire, smoke, death and desolation.

The First division of Federal troops under, command of Brigadier-General Ledlie, was assigned by lot to the hazardous duty of filling the deadly breach, and immediately following the explosion they leaped their own defenses, swept across the short space dividing the lines, and gained the confederate lines before the latter troops could fully realize what had occurred or could rally from the inextricable confusion into which the event had thrown them. Ledlie was supported by Generals Potter and Wilcox, but the troops seemed to look upon the chasm which had been rendered by the explosion rather as a place of refuge than as an initial point for making further assault upon the town now almost within their power. It is needless here to attempt to describe the dull, heavy thud produced by the explosion of many tons of powder down in the bowels of the earth. The earth yawned as if just awakening and shaking off the sleep of centuries, a heavy rumbling noise pervaded space, a perceptible quaking told those at a distance that some untoward event was happening, the ground immediately covering the mine lifted and was thrown more than a hundred feet into the air, while the lurid flames shone from below through the awful fissures in the earth and lit up a scene at once grand and appalling. A heavy veil of smoke stood for a moment over the wreck as if reluctant to disclose the destruction which the hand of man had caused, and then, stirred by the early morning breeze, it floated slowly away in the great mass of smoke which was now pouring from the throats of all the available guns in both armies. The grand chorus of artillery which immediately succeeded the explosion was such a roar as would fitly herald the introduction of fiends from the lower regions, and was played by an orchestra that combined in its awful diapason all the notes from the shrill treble of the whistling shell to the heavy bass of the Dahlgren or mortar.

On the confederate side, men quietly sleeping were hurled into eternity, no moment of waking, reflection or preparation, while their places were filled by the legions of invading soldiery. But with the Federals what was apparently plain sailing soon began to be a difficult problem, and as line after line of troops pressed into the breach, confusion naturally followed, and an unmanageable mass of men huddled behind the very works which were intended only as a place of rest and alignment. This point reached, they seemed to have felt that glory enough for one day had been won, and they were fully disposed to rest upon their laurels, and seek safety and enjoy honor in the accomplishment of this easy and unresisted assault. The Stars and Stripes defiantly floated from earthworks that had been built by confederate hands, a panic had seized upon the confederates immediately adjacent to the "Crater," and nothing apparently was between the Federals and their coveted prize but the hills of Blandford Cemetary. Every effort was made by Federal officers to align and reform the troops for a further advance, but confusion grew worse confounded, and a sort of elfish fate had ordered a delay which proved fatal to the whole enterprise. In the meantime the dawn of day had been supplanted by that light which marks Virginia's July weather, and the sun looked with a burning eye through the sulphurous cloud down upon a scene of sickening carnage.

The artillery duel had fully aroused all who had failed by that sound—sweet sleep which none but the thoroughly tired can know—to hear the explosion, and there was hurry, hot haste and wild speculation rife amid the boys who wore the gray. Statements, vague, contradictory, and doubtful, were readily told and as readily believed, but soon all gave way to the brief recital of the fact that the Federals had blown up and taken a part of our lines, and that somebody had to retake them. This fact was speedily confirmed by Thomas Bernard, the courier of General Mahone, then in command of the divisions of which his old brigade formed a part. Bernard soon found General Weisiger's headquarters and delivered his order. Then came that peculiar ratta-tat of the kettle drum: "fall in!" was passed down the line, and soon what was a sleeping camp became a line of soldiers ready for any duty, and prepared for any danger. To avoid as much as possible a concentration of artillery fire, we repaired to a valley just in our rear by squads, and there the line was formed. After marching a short distance, possibly half a mile, we were ordered to "unsling knapsacks," and soon a mingled pile of Yankee blankets and tents showed with what a confederate soldier's knapsack was packed. Our baggage was soon disposed of, the line of march was resumed, the steady, regular tramp of the veteran line told of determination to do the task assigned us, let the hazard be ever so great. Wright's Georgia brigade, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Hall, was also detailed to take part in the day's work, but Mahone's old brigade had reached the line before the Georgians had deployed, and then they were twice met by a fire so galling that not even Georgia valor could face the storm or achieve their purpose. Mahone's brigade, numbering about eight hundred guns, was the first to strike the enemy, and from that blow, struck by a veteran soldiery, the enemy never recovered.

When we first set out on our expedition we did not know that we should be called upon to "lock horns" with negro troops, and that they had leaped our works with the exultant cry of "No quarter!" The information gained, a stranger would perhaps have noticed a quickening of the step, each eye burned with a brighter glow, and each gun received more than a casual examination to see that it was properly loaded and ready for action. We had never met negro troops. We did not know whether we should be met by a sort of savage ferocity or whether we should meet that cool, imperturbable bravery which characterizes men fighting for freedom. But we did know that behind us lay the town of Petersburg with its inhabitants looking to us for protection; we knew that this was the key to Richmond. We knew that an enemy who had proclaimed "No quarter!" was before us, and we determined to spare neither ourselves nor the enemy till the earthworks were retaken and the city was safe. A ditch dug by the former occupants of the lines enabled us to approach near them with comparative safety. From this ditch we deployed in a little valley, and then came the final preparation for the assault. The tops of fifteen flagstaffs could be seen over the hill, and fifteen hostile banners flaunted defiance in our face. The order was passed in that subdued tone which denotes a stern purpose, to "fix bayonets," and by those to whom the thought occurred an extra turn was taken in the little screw which holds the bayonet shank on the gun. The thought of having his bayonet "unshipped" flashed across the writer's mind, and his right hand instinctly sought his cartridge-box and the possibility was provided against.

Some said that Generals Lee and Beauregard would witness the charge, and thus another incentive was given to us to do our work well and faithfully. Orders were given to the commanders of regiments to withhold the fire until the works were reached, and we were cautioned against unnecessary and exhaustive speed until the top of the hill was gained, when we would be exposed to the heavy fire of five lines of infantry which had been gathered in our front. All was now ready. "Forward!" came down the line as a movement among the enemy was noticed and the counter-charge was successfully made before their lines could be arranged. Slowly and deliberately we came to the top of the hill, and here, as we became more exposed, our step was quickened and the lines were gained, but not taken. Guns were emptied in the face of the foe and then the bayonet was relied on, as it was then almost impossible to reload. The blood of whites and blacks, of friend and foe, combined to form rivulets which should bear down to future generations the testimony that men can forget mercy, and that human wrath is stronger than human love. The earth then drank to satiety, while every dripping bayonet, every flashing sword, and every hissing ball told that the sacrifice was not yet done.

Major Woodhouse, of the Sixteenth Virginia infantry, was the first man whom the writer saw fall, but soon the field and trench were covered with the dead and wounded. The first line which we encountered was a traverse running parallel with the main line of breastworks, the interval between the two being honeycombed by sleeping apartments, so constructed as to insure the greatest possible safety to the occupants. This traverse was about seventy-five feet in rear of the main line, was about ten feet from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the embankment, and commanded the line of works which was nearest to the enemy. All of this space, more than one hundred feet, was occupied by the enemy, and when they had realized the fact, from the impetuosity of our charge, that their attack was a failure, they incontinently sought refuge in these little "bomb proofs" and in the "Crater." But the confederates followed close on their heels, and here the hand-to-hand fight continued until the work of recapture was fully and irrevocably accomplished. All this happened in much less time than it takes me to tell it; some say it was twenty minutes, but certain it is that before the sun had reached meridian some of those who had escaped the dangers of assault and the wounds of conflict had yielded to the heat, which was well nigh intolerable. Then we began to realize the fact that several thousand dead and festering bodies would soon force an abandonment of the lines, but still more must be added to the list before those already dead could be buried.

The "Crater" had by this time become a place of retreat for the crouching foe, and while a part of the line was assigned to the task of keeping up a fire on the enemy in our front, in their own lines, the remainder of the line was called upon to prevent the escape of Brigadier-General Bartlett and several hundred men who had gathered in the "Crater." To do this more effectually, we took advantage of the many guns lying about us, and loading all of them, when the enemy would make a rush for their lines we would give them such a volley as would force them back within the pit. Then came in the Alabamians with a rush, a yell, and a volley, and Bartlett, with his disheartened troops, was marched to the rear as prisoners of war, their number being estimated at about five hundred. As an evidence of the number killed in the "Crater," the writer remembers keeping count for Corporal Shepherd, of Company A, Sixteenth Virginia infantry, who had charge of the burial of the bodies within the "Crater." and knows that one hundred and forty-two—white and black—Yankee soldiers were buried in the bottom of the pit, being covered by the loose dirt from its sides. In the adjustment of the troops after the surrender of Bartlett, a portion of the Sixteenth regiment was assigned to the "Crater," a banquet-tread having been constructed in the sides of the pit. It became necessary to bury the dead here as soon as possible, and Corporal Shepherd was assigned to that duty on Sunday morning, the banks protecting the squad from the fire of the enemy. Where all did well it were invidious to say who did best, but the writer is certain that no man who took part in the battle of the "Crater," and lives to-day to tell the tale, would exchange his proud recollections for a coronet, while of the dead who fell there it may be truly said that their death in defense of a cause and country which they dearly loved is their highest enconium. Of instances of personal prowess, of hair-breadth escapes, of instances of devotion on the part of soldiers to officer or friend, the writer could recount not a few, for deeds of valor were not wanting. Nor need I recount them here to make good the boast that every man there had witnessed a baptism of fire equal to Balaklava. Many an old confederate, who had drawn a nice bead on a Yankee in more than a score of battles and skirmishes, could then swear to his man, and could swear to a bayonet encrimsoned, when before it had served only to glitter on dress parade. Bradbent, of Company E, Sixteenth Virginia infantry, who commanded the detail of sharpshooters, here met his fate. The victory was with us, but dearly had we paid for it, for every company left more than half of its number among the dead or wounded. The company to which the writer belonged, Company A, Sixteenth Virginia regiment, out of twenty-eight men who went into action, lost in killed and wounded, fifteen men, while his regiment, with only seven companies, lost twenty-one killed and twenty-one wounded. Other regiments, numbering ten companies each, lost in like ratio.

"HOLD THE FORT."

I notice a number of newspapers giving, or attempting to give, a correct statement of the circumstances under which our lamented friend and brother, Judge J. W. McKenzie, performed the signal act of heroism at Altoona, none of which exactly coincide with a detailed statement of the case, as given to me by the "hero" himself. I had been especially intimate with him for many years. Not one word had ever fallen from his lips relative to this matter, to my knowledge. One day, learning incidentally from another of his connection with "Hold the fort, for I am coming," I took occasion soon to ask him about it. He seemed at first reluctant to tell me, but I pressed him, and this is substantially his own account of it. After describing the situation of the armies at Altoona and Kenesaw, he said:

"General Sherman's signal corps had been trying to send dispatches from Kenesaw to General Corse. We could read the dispatches with our telescopes, but could not receive or answer them back, because the rebel shots were so thick. The rebels had also a lot of sharpshooters posted watching our squad, and every time a man would show himself they would pick him off. At this time General Corse came up and said, addressing the signal corps: 'Who is in command here?' Our captain was absent, and I was in charge of the squad, and I replied, 'I am, sir.' The General then asked if a message could be sent to General Sherman in answer to his 'To hold the fort for he was coming,' just read. I replied 'that it could be if it was absolutely necessary.' General Corse then wrote out the message and handed it to me. It read as follows:

"'To General Sherman: I am short a cheek-bone and one ear, but can whip hell out of them yet. General Corse.'

"I took it and the signal flag and called for a volunteer from my little squad. No man responded. I then offered the flag-staff to each man and asked him if he would volunteer, and each declined. I then thought I would detail one, but my brother Tom was in the squad, and the thought struck me if I detailed another than him they would say at once 'partiality.' If I detailed him and he was shot I could never forgive myself, and it seemed like certain death to any one to undertake it. At this moment of hesitation the General, seeing no man going forward, said to me firmly: 'Lieutenant, I thought you said this message could be sent?' I replied, 'It can,' and without further delay I mounted the signal station and commenced sending the message, expecting every moment to be shot. The flag was about eighteen feet long, and the wind was blowing some, and I found it very hard work, and felt as though I must give out before I was done. At this moment, when it seemed I could stand it no longer, a stranger, not a member of the signal corps, came up behind me, put his arms around me and along my arms, took hold of the flag-staff, and, standing behind me, helped me to wave the answer back to Sherman. I do not think I could have sent the whole message without help or rest."—*Iowa State Register.*

THE SPECTRE OF VICKSBURG SIEGE.

I remember to have been standing on a knoll in front of my headquarters on a beautiful night, listening to the fire of batteries. The moon was out in all its splendor, and the flashes that gleamed from the mouths of a hundred guns could be seen for miles to the right and left. Standing upon an adjacent hill to my right a tall figure was seen clothed in white. It seemed to be that of a man at least seven feet high, but the uniform was not that of a soldier. In tones never to be forgotten and that echoed from hill to valley and from valley to hill, the words "Cease firing" were heard from this unearthly-looking figure, as though he was commanding the world and giving the order, "By kingdoms, right wheel." Summoning up all the courage at my command, I hailed him with the inquiry, "Who on earth are you?" The prompt and emphatic response was: "I'm Gen. Burbridge's orderly in my night shirt."—*General Landram in a Recent Address.*

ARTILLERY AND RIFLES.

In the Franco-German war the casualties by rifle fire amounted to about ninety-four per cent. of the total loss, by artillery fire to only five per cent. No trustworthy estimate, so far as we are aware, has been formed regarding the comparative damage effected by the various arms in the Russo-Turkish war; but it is certain that the loss from the gun-firing was very small owing to the indifferent handling of artillery on either side. Guns, then, when well served, as were the German ones, do not effect the wholesale slaughter which would seem at first sight to be the raison d'etre. And there is no doubt that all armies—especially those with small manœuvering capacity—feel artillery to be a terrible inconvenience unless when deriving actual benefit from its support on the battle-ground. Even an able and enterprising general, at the head of an easily handled force, must ponder much how he can best dispose of that interminable train of guns and wagons which block up the roads, which is powerless while in movement and against flank attacks, and which demands the constant escort of another arm. But when armies are composed of raw material, like that which went to swell the French armies on the Loire in 1870, then, indeed, the presence of a number of guns is embarrassing to a commander in the highest degree. Under such circumstances it has often happened that a general has had to think more of how he is to preserve his guns from capture than how to utilize them in action. Again, artillery is an arm costly to maintain and troublesome to keep efficient. Moreover, in the late war it proved wholly inadequate to the battering down of well-prepared earthworks or to reaching their defenders. Further, the principal artillery projectile—namely, shrapnel shell—is most effective against troops in formation or grouped in the open; but now, through the utilization by scattered infantry of units of cover at every step, the missile is continually being defrauded of an appropriate target. Again, the efficacy of gun fire is immensely increased at closer ranges, but the growing power of the rifle tends to keep guns more and more at a distance. Lastly, it is acknowledged that, unless exceptionally, the parapets of field works are better occupied by rifles than by guns.—*Saturday Review.*

THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

The British soldier always presents the appearance of scrupulous cleanliness. He is scoured, brushed, and scrubbed beyond reproach. His hair is enriched with pomatum and his shoes are radiantly polished. His little cap is worn in a manner determined by considerations purely æsthetic. He carries a little cane in one hand and a pair of white gloves in the other. He holds up his head and expands his chest portentously, and bears himself generally like a person who has reason to invite rather than to evade the fierce light of modern criticism. He is the darling of the appreciative housemaids of the West End, and on this ground considerable ill-feeling exists between him and his rival, "the bobby," or policeman, Susan sometimes favoring one, sometimes the other, and sometimes—horrible dictu!—both. On the other hand, when on parade, the extreme perfection of his appointments make him look very well, and any one who sees the big parade for the Queen's birthday or a general review at Aldershot, will have no hesitation in saying to himself that these are the handsomest troops in the world. The long squadrons of cavalry and horse-artillery shining and shifting, the dragoons, hussars, and lancers, the beautiful horses and accoutrements, the capital riders, the handsome faces, the wonderful wagons and guns, seem even more theatrical than military. But the interior aspect of one of these brilliant regiments is quite a different thing. To see the men carrying their coal, cleaning their barrack-rooms, and breakfasting on dry bread is not suggestive of heroism or romance. It is distressing to see a splendid Life Guardsman, in shining cuirass and plumed helm, jack-boots, long spurs and clanking sword, carrying a basin of weak tea and a piece of bread, which he is about to consume, with the aid of a saveloy or pennyworth of butter from the canteen, for his evening meal. He ought, according to his appearance, to sup on a chine of beef and a flagon of nut-brown ale, as in the days of yore, when a soldier was not such a mere regulated part of a machine, and was better paid in proportion to the earnings of the community. There is one word which affords a kind of magic key to the whole existence of the soldiers of the British army. That word is regulations. Whether on or off duty, whether on parade or in his barrack-room, whether sick in hospital or taking his walks abroad, the soldier must behave according to regulation. The guide to his daily course of life is to be found in a red book entitled "The Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army." Not only must a private soldier be dressed and accoutred exactly according to rule when he appears on parade, but even when he walks out of barracks in pursuit of recreation. He may or may not have a chilly habit of body, or be partial or not to carrying a slender cane in his hand; but the wearing of a greatcoat or the carrying of a cane will depend, not upon his own notions, but upon the regulations issued by his commanding officer.

DEATHS FROM WILD ANIMALS IN INDIA.

The total number of persons killed by snakes and wild beasts in the several provinces of India during 1880 has gradually increased from 19,273 in 1876 to 21,990 in 1880. The largest number of deaths occurred in Bengal and the northwestern provinces and Oudh, in which provinces the deaths during the year aggregated 11,359 and 5,284 respectively. In Bengal 10,064 deaths were caused by snake bites, and 359 persons were killed by tigers; while in the northwestern provinces and Oudh, 4,723 persons died from snake bites, and 265 were killed by wolves. The total number of persons killed by wild beasts and venomous snakes during the year 1880 was 21,990. The increase was common to all provinces except British Burmah. The number of cattle killed increased from 54,830 in 1876 to 55,921 in 1879, and 58,386 in 1880, (exclusive of the figures for Mysore, where the deaths in the previous year amounted to 5,899). The increase compared with 1879 is common to all provinces except the northwestern provinces and Oudh, the Punjab, and Ajmer-Merwara. In the northwestern provinces and Oudh the totals for the two years are nearly the same, and in the Punjab there was a decrease of about 1,200 in the number of cattle killed. The total number of wild animals destroyed has fallen year by year from 23,459 in 1876 to 18,641 in 1879, and 14,886 in 1880. As compared with the previous year, the falling off was common to all provinces, except the central provinces, Coorg and Berar. The most remarkable decrease occurred under the heading "other animals" in the Madras presidency, the figures for 1879 and 1880 having been 2,956 and 139, respectively. The number of snakes shown as destroyed was 211,775, as compared with 131,927 in the previous year, the increase being mainly due to the very large number (177,070) of snakes which were killed in the Bombay presidency. The total amount of rewards paid for the destruction of snakes was 11,663 rupees, as compared with 7,663 rupees in the previous year. It is chiefly in towns and villages that the destruction of snakes is desirable, and for this reason it is satisfactory to observe that so many municipalities are now beginning to offer rewards. These results are not regarded as satisfactory, because the falling off in the number of wild animals killed has been accompanied by an increase in the destruction of men and cattle. The government of India attributes this to the operation of the arms act, although the reports assert that licenses are freely granted in tracts where wild animals abound.—*Science Gossip.*

CIGAR FACTS.

Speaking of Havana, says the New York correspondent of the Rochester *Democrat*, I may add a few facts concerning the cigar trade. New York purchases the most costly cigars in the world, and these, of course, come from Havana. Nearly 100 brands are known here, each of which has its admirers. These cigars are of high cost in their own market, but the price is enormously increased by the duty, which is 80 per cent. Among the most noted is the Intimidad, which has been quoted by importers at the trifling sum of $400 per 1,000. They have retailed at 60 cents apiece, but perhaps are now a little cheaper. The Henry Clay is another popular brand of almost the same value. They are imported in boxes, each containing fifty, and a large number of these boxes are packed in one case. There are other fine cigars of more moderate prices, and if the reader wishes to observe a little closer economy, there is the Principal, which is only $200 per 1,000, while the Flora de Fumar is only one-half that price. They retail at 20 cents and are in steady demand, being indeed the most common cigar found at the leading hotels. Our tobacconist says that it is impossible to equal an Havana cigar by any other manufacture. The attempt has been tried at Key West in the most careful manner, but has failed. They imported the finest tobacco from the valley of the Abajo (of which the best Havana cigars are made), but the Key West article proved inferior. Key West is so near Havana that (had the effort been successful) the duty would have been saved by making up the Havana leaf. Key West cigars are common in our market, but they never equal the imported article.

A BIG JOB.

Nine months of hard and ingenious labor by Johnnie Sansome, a convict in the prison at Folsom, Cal., enabled him to escape. By thrusting a wire down between the granite blocks in the floor of his cell he discovered a cavity underneath, which was an abandoned sewer. With a chisel which he smuggled from the workshop, and a heavy piece of wood, he broke one of the stones. This required a month, because he could only strike a blow when a door was closed, or some other noise was made to hide it, and he frequently sat up all night without being able to strike more than once or twice. In the day-time he was in the shop. After removing the half square of granite he dug slowly down through three feet of stone and cement, first boring a hole and afterward letting the chips fall through it. At the end of three months he got into the sewer and found it plugged with stone and cement ten feet thick at its former outlet. The remaining six months were spent in digging through this obstruction. He worked at night, and naked, leaving his clothes so arranged in bed that the guard supposed he was in them. Foul gas in the sewer nearly suffocated him, loss of sleep made him ill, and his weight fell off twenty-five pounds. But he got out at last. Within three hours an officer recognized him, and he was again a prisoner.